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Sweet Oyle

Poured forth through the

Horn of Salvation,

And is
Freely ſent abroad to ſearch the Wounded Spirits, and to relieve the weak and feeble Travellers.

THere is a Day of ſore Travel into which many come after their faces be turned towards the Lord; and many have therein walked in ſore pain, and have been toſſed and driven about in much wearineſſe, that they have been brought into ſuch feebleneſſe, and weakneſſe, as hath cauſed them to ſit down in deep mourning, and bitter Lamentation, and in that time of weakneſſe and wearineſſe the enemy hath ſtrongly wrought to draw them into Deſperation, and ſo cauſe them to ceaſe from hoping; and as the light hath opened and brought up their ſins before them, and the ſtroke of the Lord hath been upon them, and his hand correcting them, then hath the Enemy as a deceitful worker been near to preſent the greatneſſe of their ſins unto them, and when they have ſo appeared, and they have ſeen them ſtand up as a mountain before them, and alſo the multitude of them compaſſing about their heels, then hath the Enemy laboured to beget a perſwaſion in them of the impoſſibility of ever getting over them, or to be ſet free from amongſt them, and in this perſwaſion he hath ſunk them, and caſt them into the depth of Sorrow; and then have told them that they have ſinned beyond mercy, and there hath he bound down their hands that they have not been able to lift them up towards the Mercy Seat; and when

ſome breathings have gone forth that panted after the Mercy and could not live without it, his Dominion hath been over it, and he hath preſently quenched it, and hath told them that Mercy could not be their portion, neither was it to any purpoſe for them to wait for it, or to have any expectation after it; and unto this dark perſwaſion did many tender people encline, and when the Enemy had entered them with it, then he caſt them upon a bed of Sorrow, Grief and Pain, where they have roared for the very diſquietneſſe of their hearts, and they have looked at themſelves to be the worſt of people, and none whoſe condition was ſo bad as theirs; and in the depth of this miſery their lives have been a burden to them, and they have been weary of their lives, then hath he caſt out a flood of violence towards them, and ſtrongly tempted them to ſhorten their dayes, by deſtroying their own lives, and hath told them their dayes were but pain and grief, and it would be better for them to cut their dayes ſhort, than to prolong them in ſuch miſery and ſorrow, and in this ſtate they have been in the midſt of flames, and the very terrour of Hell hath been upon them, and in the belly of it they have been cloſed, and there have cryed and roared without ceaſing, their Torment hath been ſo exceeding great upon them; and as the cry hath riſen and the breathings of it gone unto the Lord, Even ſo hath his Ear been open, and from his dwelling place he hath heard, and with his ſecret hand in the bottom he hath ſupported them, ſo that they have not ſunk though the Enemy hath wrought in his fury, and though little acquaintance there hath been with that which hath ſupported, yet it hath cauſed many times a little faith to ſpring, and a ſmall hope to ariſe, whereby they have been kept an I have not fainted; then there hath been a ſimple breathing after the Lord, and a little truſt in him, that he would not utterly caſt off, but that he would ariſe in his mercy, and give them ſtrength to overcome; and that he would deliver them out of that deep miſery wherein they were plunging, and in this cry and ſimple breathing after the God of Mercy, the little Faith and Hope hath received ſome ſtrength, and hath been ſtill ſpringing, and ſecretly working underneath for freedom, which the Enemy perceiving, and knowing that he could not prevail againſt it, but that it would overturn him, if he kept that ground, he in

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his subtilty hath presently changed his appearance, and hath let fall his Temptation unto Desperation and Destruction, and like a deceitful worker hath come upon them to draw them forth to look after something that might comfort them; and being in sore distresse and misery, there hath been a readinesse to joyn unto that which might render any comfort, and to pursue that Stream with eagernesse; so that suddenly he hath got their minds abroad, and then hath presented the beauty of Professions, with the Excellency of Preaching, and Praying, and Family Duties, and also many faithful Promises, which in the Scriptures they might behold and see, which would be comfortable unto their present conditions, & then hath he wrought a perswasion in their minds, that by diligently attending these things, and waiting in them as means, there would be comfort found and strength given, and they would thereby come to obtain joy, for the day of their long mourning; and this seeming a fair thing unto that eye which was got abroad, and also appeared to be a pleasant way, and nothing that they were to lose or part withal to obtain it, but to part with their misery and come into it for comfort, they presently joyned, and with great diligence and carefulnes observed those things which seemed most excellent; and when the enemy had thus far prevailed, and with his subtilty drawn the minds into the things that do appear, then did he labour to cause them to suck the brest of it, and perswaded them that consolation and satisfaction was in it, and here he hath driven them about with the divers and strange doctrines which in his cunning craftines he hath spread abroad, from which they have been drawing something, and have applied it for healing, and so they have been taking words, and getting words and applying words; but have neglected the fountain of healing, and the enemy hath perverted Preaching, and Praying, and Family Duties, and faithful Promises, and so have drawn the mind after the words, and to apply the words out of the power, and people have committed the two great evils, in forsaking the vertue *of the healing Fountain*, and going after that which hath *no healing vertue in it*; and though they have long run after this stream, and have been applying it for healing, yet the wound is not cured, nor that satisfied which cried in the pain, but is still in sore travel though the enemy hath lift

up the mind above it in a false joy through the conceitedness of remedy received, and under this which hath been applied for relief, the innocent crying life is mourning for want of relief.

Oh! what Cryes, what Tears, what Sorrow, what Mourning, what Bitterness, what Pain, what Anguish and Travel hath been upon thousands; how Mighty, how Powerful, how Dreadful and Terrible hath been the appearance of the Lord God in this his day, for the Redemption and freedome of his dear Seed; But how Subtilly, how Deceitfully, how Cunningly, how Craftily, and Wickedly hath the power of darkness wrought to keep it in bondage; so that when the Lord God hath brought people down with his correcting hand, how then hath the enemy wrought to sink them into Desperation, and when the Lord hath appeared for them in that state, and by his secret hand underneath hath supported them, and hath been giving strength to the little faith and hope that hath been quickned, which the Devil could not destroy, how then hath he laboured to get away the mind from the hand that Corrected and Wounded, that they might not there abide, least they should be converted and healed, and thus hath he deceived by his cunning craftiness, where he lies secretly lurking, and hath beguiled people with his false tenders, and deceitful applications, and thereby hath betrayed their life, and strangled the pure breathings of the little innocency, that once was springing and striving after freedome, so that the little Faith is gone and the Hope is well nigh lost, and the pure Creation yet lies in bondage, and travels in pain until now; And this testimony hath a witness in the consciences of many tender people this day, who have travelled and been sore pained & yet are not delivered but lie mourning, notwithstanding they have diligently observed the divised wayes of the old Serpent, and have not been slack in running after the chiefest doctrines that have issued forth from the fountains of men, and have also been diligent to apply the choisest of their streams, but no cure have they found, nor no healing medicine have they yet received, neither have attained to the rest and peace that the Seed travels to inherit & possess, but unto this day they are under the correcting hand of the Lord God, and feel his stroke upon them that many times opens their wounds afresh, so that it is sharp for them

them to endure, and heavy for them to bear, and though they be lift up and ſtand over the hand, yet doth it not ceaſe correcting, but reaches unto them, and many times brings them down and makes their beauty to conſume away. Oh! dear people of all names and profeſſions, whither have you run? And after what have you been ſeeking? The cry hath been right, but your way hath been wrong, and the ſtroke of God yet purſues you and pierces your very hearts, and your pain is yet within your bowels. Oh you pierce him, you pierce him, and you muſt mourn becauſe of him; his innocency is ſore burthened, his pure life is preſſed, the treacherous enemy worketh above him, and he hath drawn you into his deceiveable way, which cauſeth trouble yet to abide upon you; Oh what have you been doing? And for what have you been ſpending your money? You have laboured but have not reaped; you have run, but not obtained; you have ſought but are not yet relieved; you have been betrayed by thoſe you have truſted, and unskilful Phyſitians have had you under hand, they have not known your grief, ſo could not give a healing remedy; your trouble hath been Within, and they have drawn you to look for remedy Without, and there have prolonged your dayes in the ſorrow, and your years in heavineſs, and yet pain is yet upon you, and you are not eaſed, and your grief doth ſtill abide, and you are not relieved. Now unto you all doth the bowels of love open, and true tenderneſs flows forth to the deſolate in you, that it may be relieved and comforted, for it hath long been grieved and pained, and many of you have been ſore afflicted, and have not underſtood the ground of your miſery, neither hath clearly known where to find a remedy. This therefore is for your information, that you may come to be ſenſible of your preſent conditions, and ſo ſee what you are in your ſelves, and what you have need off from another; and before this you can know, you muſt come to the light of Chriſt in your own conſciences, and you muſt wait in it, and then will you ſee what you are, and your poverty and weakneſs will be made manifeſt unto you, and your weakneſs and miſerableneſs will be opened in your own hearts, and you will plainly ſee that of your ſelves you can do nothing, but muſt forever lye in your miſery without the Lord appear for you in his mercy, and bring in healing to your wounded ſpirits, and

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this will bring you into a true waiting for the appearance of Christ in you, that the wound which is within you may in the healing vertue of the life of Christ be bound up and cured; so will you feel the hand that smites you, the same hand to bind you up, and the same hand that wounds you, the same hand to heal you; for as it bears the Rod for Correction, so doth it also bear the Oyl for healing; for the Lord wounds and he heals, he smites, and he also binds up; therefore do not thou fly from that which smites thee, but sink down to it, and lye down under it, and it will take away that which it doth correct thee for, and purge out that which causeth thy wound and sore affliction, and keepeth thee in the separation from the Lord God; So as thou feelst thy wound within thee, and all thy trouble and pain, and grief to be there, thou must wait to feel the healing spring where the wound is, and then will the healing reach it, and search it to the bottom, and bring out all the corruption before it, and work the cure perfectly, and make thee a sound man, and a perfect man, without either bruise, or wound, or putrified sore; and if thou wilt not come to this, thou canst not be made perfectly whole; for there is not another fountain for healing, neither is there any other remedy to cure a wounded Spirit, or to take away grief, and pain, and sorrow, which lies upon the Conscience, but the pure life of Christ, in which is the bloud of cleansing, and the Oyl of gladnesse; Therefore hither turn, and stand open to receive thy remedy, for thou art smitten within, and there is thy grief, and thou must know the hand within to bind thee up, before thou be healed and comforted; and as thou comest into stillnesse thou wilt feel the work of it, and the healing and binding up in it, so thou wilt not need to run abroad any more to seek a Physician, but thou wilt know him to be near thee, and a Physitian of value to thee, and he will remove all that which hath stopped the flowings of his healing vertue from thee, and will cause the well of water to spring up in thee, that thou therein may bathe, wash, and be cleansed; so no putrefaction or corruption will lodge within thee, nor any grief, or anguish, or pain, will be continued upon thee, but thou wilt be brought forth through the washing of regeneration, a free-born Heir of God, and a joynt Heir with Christ of the everlasting Kingdom into which no unclean thing

must

must enter; and this is unto all People, Kindreds, Tongues, and Languages; And all you tender people who have been smitten and wounded, and have been running after unskilful Physitians, and have not received any thing at their hands to do you good, but have wearied your selves in sucking their fruitlesse fountain, and now are come to see them all of no value, and are turned unto the light of Christ in your own Consciences, and there are waiting to receive the droppings of his healing vertue, take heed the enemy doth not deceive you, for you will feel him work sore upon you, and if he cannot cast you down, and cause you to fall, he will then labour to lift you up, and get you over the Crosse, and exalt you above the Judgement, and so work a conceitednesse of the safety of your present state; but you that are to the light turned, be you alwayes watchful to it, and in the power of it you will be preserved in safety, and when Correction reaches you, imbrace it chearfully, for it is unto you as a Son, and the love of the Father you will feel in it, and the droppings of the healing vertue of life will fall into your wounds, and bring in joy and gladnesse to you.

Oh come thou Traveller, thou Mourner, thou Feeble, thou Weary, thou weak, thou wounded, be thou comforted in the Eternal love and life of God; for now is his Fountain set wide, and the Horn of his Salvation is opened, the Oyl is freely powred forth, thou that art yet seeking, and thy cry is after saving health, the Cup of Salvation for thee is filled, and in the hand of the Lord it is made ready, he hath beheld thy travell, and hath seen the day of thy mourning, and with Oyl of joy and gladnesse will he now comfort thee, and with the healing vertue of his pure life he will relieve thee, for unto thee is his mercy that hath mourned under all Physitians, and never could receive the Cup at their hands, but hath still waited to know his rising, in whose wings there is pure healing; Oh be thou lift up thou poor in Spirit, for unto thee glad tidings cometh, thy wounds will be cured, thy feeble knees will be strengthned, thy broken heart will be bound up, for he is come who is the saving health of all Nations, his reward is with him, and unto thee he will give joy for mourning, and the spirit of gladnesse for the spirit of heavinesse, this will he do for thee, and will not forsake thee; therefore keep thou Judgement over the head of the enemy,

my, that neither his heights nor his depths may prevail with thee, but in the quietneſſe do thou wait, and in the patience do thou reſt, and Gods ſearching hand will try thy wound, and ſearch out that which hath oppreſſed thee, and powr in freſh Oyl to heal thee, and will bind thee up with cords of love and mercy and make thee ſtrong in his ſtrength, and joyful in his ſalvation. Oh thou poor Mourner, unto thee is the Horn of *Salvation* powred forth, the freſh Oyl is for thy annointing, and the vertue of it for thy healing; ariſe and be thou ſtrong, and trample Satan under thy feet, for the God of all mercy is with thee, and the Heir of Joy and Gladneſſe he will make thee, and a pure Crown of gold he will ſet upon thee, and in Dignity, Glory, and Dominion will he eſtabliſh thee for ever.

Worceſter County Goal 24. *of the* 12. *Month*, 1660.

From a dear lover of the innocent life,

William Smith.

THE END.

LONDON,
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